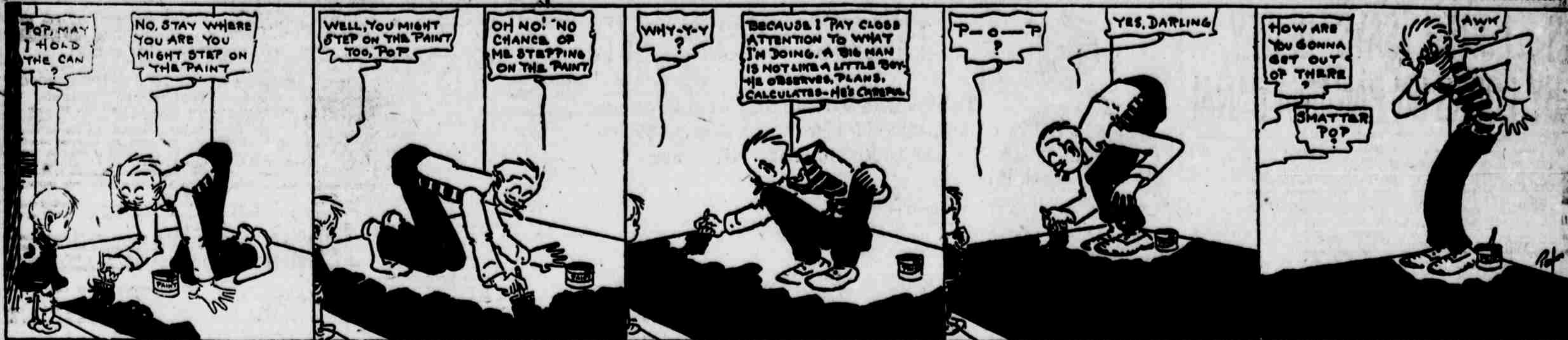


"S' Matter, Pop?"

By C. M. Payne



The Jarr Family

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MRS. JARR LEARNS OF A SURE CURE FOR FAT.

"NO is it you, Mrs. Gratch? How do you do? How well you are looking! Come in and sit down and let us have a long talk! Let me take your umbrella. Will you have a cup of tea?"

Mrs. Jarr poured this all out because she was glad to see the caller, who was none other than that martyr to the Cause, ever whose ample wealth of feet the troops of United States Cavalry had been summoned from Fort Meyer, had been deployed on the day of the great Battle of the Hikerettes, March 3 last, in Washington, D. C.

"What a beautiful handbag!" Mrs. Jarr went on. "And a big initial D. on it!"

"Yes," said the visitor. "I am Mrs. Dinkston still, but I have warned Michael Angelo that the initial is removable and the letter G. takes its place, and I will be Minerva Gratch again, and renounce him and his name forever!"

"So you are still living happily with your last husband?"

"My latest husband," corrected Mrs. Gratch-Dinkston. "When we who have been wedded and been bereaved speak of a 'last' husband we speak of one who has departed. When we speak of our latest husband we mean one who may have left us; but who still lives, moves and has his being, though he does not live up to his social, marital and financial obligations of paying his alimony. When my second husband ran away—"

"Wouldn't that include him among the departed?" interrupted Mrs. Jarr.

Mrs. Gratch-Dinkston only gave Mrs. Jarr a cold look, and went on:

"I never alluded to him as my late husband. And so I say to Michael Angelo Dinkston when he returns to our apartments after midnight—"

"Which makes him your 'late' husband, too," suggested Mrs. Jarr.

"She stands accused in that," said Mrs. Dinkston. "You know, as 'The Noted Plantarist,' his trottery is celebrated in society!"

"His trottery?" queried Mrs. Jarr.

"Yes. He renounced poetry itself for the poetry of motion. He conducts a trottery, or dancing academy, and instructs the bode and grand dames of the highest social circles in the tango, the turkey trot and all the modern dances."

"That's fine!" said Mrs. Jarr. "It makes Mr. Dinkston practically self-supporting," replied the noted militant suffragette. "But somehow I feel that the place for a man is in the home."

"But Mr. Dinkston was always a Bohemian. Home ties were nothing to him," suggested Mrs. Jarr.

"I am a new-fashioned woman about such things, however," Mrs. Dinkston went on. "I say the husband's place is in the home."

"So I say, too, at times," remarked Mrs. Jarr.

"Well, that is neither here nor there," said the suffragette leader. "I find that frivolity still obsesses my sex. They're nothing for the Cause except to make themselves conspicuous. They are not as our embattled sisters abroad. In England the cry of womanhood is 'Chaos or the Ballot!'"

"And what is the cry here?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"The cry here is 'Oh, I do love to turkey-trot!' And I'm afraid I'm getting fat!"

"Well, it is a tragedy when a woman loses her figure," remarked Mrs. Jarr, looking in the pier glass with some satisfaction.

"The Cause needs funds, you know," Mrs. Dinkston continued, "and the leaders in the Cause need funds. Do not worry, Mrs. Jarr," she added. "I am on a collecting tour. I have taken a leaf from the book of my angelic Anglo-I shall pray—for the good of the Cause on the vanities of our sex, a sex unworthy of the sacrifices we militants make for them!"

"And?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"And I shall follow a suggestion Mr. Dinkston has made to me. I shall open a Rednet Reduction Rink."

"What?" gasped Mrs. Jarr.

"A Rednet Reduction Rink," repeated Mrs. Dinkston. "Stout women will be put on roller skates, and then I shall release rats and mice in the rink!"

"Dreadful!" cried Mrs. Jarr.

"Heroic measures. But I am a business woman. And it is all for the Cause," said Mrs. Dinkston. "Will you give my card to Mrs. Striver?"

It Can't Be Done

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When Dreams Come True

Visions of Yesterday Are the Facts of To-Day.

By Clarence L. Cullen.

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THINGS are changing. The dreams of yesterday are the facts of to-day. Dreams have come true. The dreamer is vindicated. For instance:

Persons not yet middle-aged can easily remember when this was not a fresh air country. Folks who wanted fresh air in their rooms while they slept were jeered at as "fresh air cranks."

The comic papers had a lot of fun with the so-called "fresh air cranks."

The "night air" then was universally deemed misnamed and deadly. The man who wanted a bit of air to circulate in his office was regarded as a nuisance by his office mates.

Now the United States is perhaps the leading fresh air country in the world. All of us are fresh air enthusiasts—not cranks. We are deep breathers. We demand and get all the fresh air there is. Few of us would dream of sleeping with tightly closed windows. We reluctantly refuse to work in stuffy offices. Fresh air has become a permanent fid with us. We grab every minute's time that we can spare to be in the open air. And so nothing is heard about the "fresh air crank" any more; because it wouldn't mean anything, seeing that if it were employed now it would include all of us.

The corker-curis have disappeared from the comic papers. They would look mighty archaic to-day. The suffragette-demonstrating ladies don't wear them—and as a matter of fact they never did!

It is only when we also ourselves awake that we fall into step.

The Silent Bullet

An Absolutely NEW Type Of Detective Story

By Arthur B. Reeve

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENT. Mr. Parker drops dead in his study. The bullet is found in his chest. The bullet is found in his chest. The bullet is found in his chest.

CHAPTER I. The Murder.

KENNEDY'S laboratory was brightly lit when I arrived early the next evening. One by one his "guests" dropped in. It was evident that they had little liking for the visit, but the cornerer by sent out the "invitation" to each one was politely welcomed by the professor and assigned a seat, much as he would have done with a group of students. The inspector and the coroner sat back a little. Mr. Parker, Mr. Downey, Mr. Bruce, myself, and Miss La Neige sat in that order in the very narrow and uncomfortable little armchairs used by the students during lectures.

At last Kennedy was ready to begin. He took his position behind the long, flat-topped table which he used for his demonstrations before his classes. "I realize, ladies and gentlemen," he began formally, "that I am about to do a very unusual thing; but, as you all know, the police and the coroner have been completely baffled by this terrible mystery and have requested me to attempt to clear up at least certain points in it. I will begin what I have to do by summarizing the facts. The tracing out of a crime like this differs in nothing, except as regards the subject matter, from the search for a scientific truth. The forcing of man's secrets is the province of nature's secrets. Both are pieces of detective work."

"The methods employed in the detection of crime are, or rather should be, like the methods employed in the process of discovering scientific truth. In a crime of this sort two kinds of evidence need to be secured. Circumstantial evidence must first be marshalled, and then a motive must be found. I have been gathering facts. But to omit motive and rest contented with mere facts would be inconclusive. It would never convince anybody or convict anybody."

"In other words, circumstantial evidence must first lead to a suspect, and then this suspect must prove equal to accounting for the facts. It is my hope that each of you may contribute something that will be of service in arriving at the truth of this unfortunate incident."

The tension was not relieved even when Kennedy stepped aside and began to fuss with a little upright jar, which he set up at one end of his table. We seemed to be seated over a powder magazine which threatened to explode at any moment. At last, felt the tension so greatly that it was only after he had started speaking again that I noticed that the jar was composed of a thick layer of some putty-like material.

Holding a thirty-two calibre pistol in his right hand and aiming it at the target, Kennedy picked up a large piece of coarse homespun from the table and held it loosely over the muzzle of the gun. Then he fired. The bullet tore through the cloth, and through the air and burst itself in the target. With a knife he pried it out.

have not been able to obtain that note—lead in a form such as I could use in discovering what were its contents. But in a certain water-basket I found a mass of wet and pulpy paper. It had been out upon the macerated, perhaps chewed; perhaps it had been also soaked with water.

"There was a washbasin with running water in this room. The ink had run, and of course was illegible. The thing was so unusual that I at once assumed this was the remains of the note in question. Under ordinary circumstances it would be utterly valueless as a clue to anything. But to-day science is not ready to let anything pass as valueless."

"I focused on microscopic examination that it was an uncommon thin bond paper, and I have taken a large number of microphotographs of the fibres in it. They are all similar. I have here also about a hundred microphotographs of the fibres in other kinds of paper, many of them bond. These I have accumulated from time to time in my study of the subject. None of them, as you can see, shows fibres resembling this one in question, so we may conclude that it is of uncommon quality. Through an agency of the police I have secured samples of the note paper of every one who could be concerned, so far as I could see, with this case."

"Here are the photographs of the fibres of these various note papers, and among them all is just one that corresponds to the fibres in the wet mass of paper I discovered in the washbasin. Now let any one should question the accuracy of this method I might

defy any one in this room to tell me the exact moment when I discovered the pistol I could have shot any of you, and an outsider not in the secret would never have thought that I was

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the folds of this coat—here he drew forth the automobile seat and held it aloft, displaying the bullet hole—"and he or she (I will not say which) could have discharged the pistol unseen. By removing and secreting the weapon afterward one very important piece of evidence would be suppressed. This person could have used such a carriage as I have here made with smokeless powder, and the coat would have concealed the flash of the shot very effectively. There would have been no smoke. But neither this coat nor even the report of the shot."

"What are we to think of that? Only one thing. I have often wondered why the thing wasn't done before. In fact I have been waiting for it to occur. There is an invention that makes it almost possible to strike a man down with impunity in broad daylight in any place where there is sufficient noise to cover up a click, a slight 'tut' and the whirr of the bullet in the air."

"I refer to this little device of a Hartford inventor. I place it over the muzzle of the E-calibre revolver. I have so far been using—"

"I cover the pistol with a cloth. I defy any one in this room to tell me the exact moment when I discovered the pistol I could have shot any of you, and an outsider not in the secret would never have thought that I was

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arm in such a way as to betray an appropriate indicator in the next room every sudden and unseen attack. Though it may be concealed from the eye, even of one like me who cannot facing you, such emotion is nevertheless expressed by physical gestures on the chair, ladies and gentlemen. The last are all over now. What did they show Whiting?"

The student read what he had been acting in the next room. At the deduction of the coat during the operation of the markings of the bullet. Mrs. Parker had betrayed great emotion. Mr. Bruce had done likewise, and noting more than ordinary emotion, as had been noted for the rest of us. Miss La Neige's automatic record during the tracing out of the ending of the note to Parker had been especially unfavorable to her. Mr. Bruce showed about as much excitement. Mrs. Parker very little and Downey very little. It was all as forth in curves drawn by self recording pens on paper ruled paper. The student had merely noted what took place in the lecture room as corresponding to these curves.

At the mention of the needless gun, said Kennedy, bending over the record, while the student pointed it out to him and we leaned forward to catch his words. "I find that the curves of Miss La Neige, Mrs. Parker and Mr. Downey are only so far from normal as to be natural. All of them were witnessing a thing for the first time with only curiosity and no fear. The curve made by Mr. Bruce shows great agitation and—"

"I heard a metallic click at my side and turned hastily. It was Inspector Harry O'Connell who had stepped out of the shadow with a pair of pistols."

"James Bruce, you are under arrest," he said.

"There flashed on my mind, and I think as the minds of some of the others, a picture of another electrically wired chair."

CHAPTER II. The Scientific Crackman.

"I'm willing to wager you a box of cigars that you don't know the most fascinating story in your own town to-night," remarked Kennedy, as I came out toward the door. "Four or five newspapers I was in the habit of reading to see whether they had beaten the Star in getting any news of importance."

"I'll bet I do," I said. "For I was out of about a dozen who worked it up. It's the Shaw murder trial. There isn't a man other than that even a bad crowd."

"If an crowd the story will be on you, Walter. Crowded over on the second page by a lot of stale sensation that every one has read for the British time, now, you will find what promises to be a real sensation. A really new column account of the sudden death of John G. Fletcher."